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DARK MYSTERIES

YOU FRAMED US,
PETE AND WE DIED
IT'S YOUR TURN
TO FRY!

NO...NO...DON'T
KILL ME! I DON'T
WANT TO DIE!

READ
THE FIERY
STORY OF THE
BURNING
EXECUTIONER!

MEDICAL TABLET DISCOVERY!

SAFE, NEW,
EASY WAY!



STOPS "BED WETTING"

Without Electrical Devices ...
Rubber Sheets ... Alarms ...

Ends Shame, Discomfort, Inconvenience
Almost Miraculously!

SIMPLE SAFE TABLET DOES IT

DRY-TABS is the same safe medical discovery that is prescribed by many doctors. Now, it is available for the first time without prescription to all the victims of BED-WETTING who long to rid themselves of this distressing habit once and for all. DRY-TABS is safe, not habit forming, contains no harmful drugs—Follow simple directions.

"DRY-TAB THERAPY" Eventually Allows BED-WETTING Victims to Function Normally Without Further Medication

DRY-TABS, in most cases, does not offer merely temporary stopping of BED-WETTING. In case after case, as revealed in clinical tests conducted in hospitals by medical scientists, the DRY-TABS formula proved itself to be a tablet that gives direct support to the patient in controlling his BED-WETTING. The benefits of the DRY-TABS formula may be expected to be effective beyond the period when it is taken regularly. It helps the BED-WETTING victim to retain, tends to increase strength of sphincter and detrusor muscles controlling urination. Many cases have discontinued the use of DRY-TABS after a short time and found they were functioning normally. So BED-WETTING victims do not have to be slaves to any kind of medication if they case in of the type that responds to the re-training power of DRY-TABS. This is probably one of the greatest advancements ever made in BED-WETTING therapy. Yes, once DRY-TABS stops BED-WETTING, its use may no longer be required; normal functioning and control may be developed almost miraculously. So don't hesitate a minute longer. Order DRY-TABS Today!

DRY-TABS Amazing Formula Effective in 75% of Cases

CASE NO. 1. Healthy, intelligent boy, 9 years old. BED-WETTING since infancy. Child could not break habit. All other medication failed. DRY-TABS formula taken for two three-week periods. Child has remained well for the past three years.

CASE NO. 2. Normal boy, history of BED-WETTING since infancy. Child had no organic defect. Various cures failed. Put on DRY-TABS formula regime. After a month, habit suddenly stopped.

CASE NO. 3. Male, aged 13 years. BED-WETTING since birth. Many forms of treatment failed. Unable to accept invitation to sleep out over-night. Recently married, and embarrassed by habit. After formula taken, wet bed the first two nights but never since that time.

CASE NO. 4. Girl, aged 6 years. Wet bed since infancy. Nervous, irritable. DRY-TABS formula administered for regular period. BED-WETTING stopped almost immediately. Slight relapse. Formula administered again. Child responded immediately once more, and history reveals no further relapse.

CASE NO. 5. Man, 42 years old, wet "heavily." Medication started. Wet during second week and continued to wet when medication was withdrawn for following week. Restarted after wet period and after five-day treatment seemed to retain control of bladder function.

CASE NO. 6. Woman, 76 years old. DRY-TABS formula administered for 6 days. Improvement, upon withdrawal of medication, improvement resumed. Continued gradual control. One year without formula and control is adequate.

WHY endure the needless shame, embarrassment, humiliation ... the discomfort and distress of this unfortunate habit? Why put up with the daily nuisance of changing and washing bed linen and clothes? Why suffer the mortification of foul smelling bedrooms ... the expense of ruined furniture ... the danger of catching cold and infectious rashes?

Doctors agree that BED-WETTING can cause nervousness, stuttering and emotional disturbances in children, very often seriously affecting their future and character, making them "psychological cripples."

But now the disgrace and danger of BED-WETTING can very easily be a thing of the past with amazing new DRY-TABS. At last, medical science has discovered a safe, new, easy way to stop BED-WETTING without electrical devices ... without rubber sheets, alarms or special diets and without interrupting needed sleep. DRY-TABS, in easy-to-take tablet form, does away with BED-WETTING as painlessly, easily and simply as swallowing aspirin. Yes, almost miraculously amazing, safe DRY-TABS, used as directed, help stop functional BED-WETTING ... relieve tension and strain, often the underlying cause in most cases of this unfortunate habit. Now, for the first time, safe DRY-TABS can be obtained without prescription.

DEVELOPED AFTER YEARS OF EXTENSIVE HOSPITAL AND CLINICAL RESEARCH AS REVEALED IN MEDICAL LITERATURE

The discoveries of science, many times, are brought about by indirect means. Take the case of the exclusive DRY-TABS formula. Medical practitioners chanced upon this formula while they were investigating a remedy for another illness. Noting the remarkable effect that this formula had upon BED-WETTING they concentrated their efforts on this new data and developed the formula to its present state of perfection. The result is the new DRY-TABS, a remarkable tablet that has brought new hope to thousands of tormented victims of BED-WETTING. Before this formula was released to the public it was tested in clinics and hospitals by medical scientists on controlled groups of patients. The DRY-TABS formula is the result of thorough medical research, the same kind of research and care that is given to any product that is to be placed in the hands of the public. Chalk up BED-WETTING as one more ailment that has been conquered by the men of science. Think of it, no expensive electrical device, cumbersome rubber sheet, special diets or mechanical alarms. Just a wonderful new tablet ... DRY-TABS ... product of medical research ... offering the hope of a new future for all these sufferers of BED-WETTING. Be sure to order DRY-TABS today!

ADULTS: START LIVING A NORMAL LIFE TONIGHT!

Scientific tests actually prove DRY-TABS to be 75% effective in stopping this unfortunate habit—even after years of torment! Ends the constant worry of overnight hotel stops and fear of public embarrassment while napping on trains and buses. Don't wait another day. If your loved one suffers the humiliation, the disgrace, insecurity and can be dissolved in water if necessary. Just follow simple directions.

MAKE THIS HOME TEST: Here is your guarantee of satisfaction. Try the DRY-TABS for the prescribed period. If you are not completely overjoyed with DRY-TABS' amazing ability to help stop BED-WETTING, your purchase price will be refunded. Accept this no-risk offer. Order DRY-TABS now!

SEND NO MONEY: Just name and address for generous 3-week supply. On arrival pay postman only \$2.50 per package plus C.O.D. charge on guarantee of complete satisfaction or money back.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

GARY PHARMACEUTICAL CO., Dept. 64-C

7460 Exchange Ave., Chicago 48, Illinois

Please send me 3-week supply of DRY-TABS on guarantee BED-WETTING must be stopped or money back.

- ☐ Send C.O.D., I will pay postman \$2.50 per package plus postage.
☐ Cash enclosed, we pay all postage.
☐ Send 2 packages (6-week supply) for \$2.50.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Zone _____

State _____

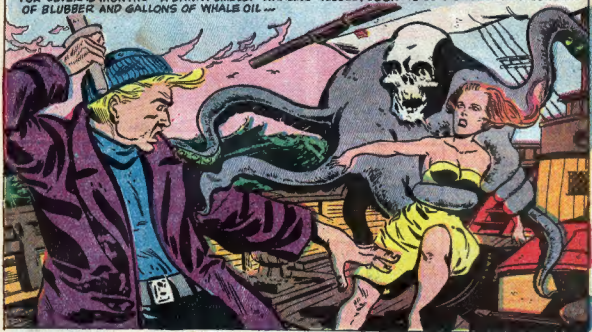
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The CLUTCH of the DEVIL FISH!



IT WAS FROM THE COLD WATERS NEAR THE SALEM LANDS THAT EBAN FROST AND HIS BROTHERS, BEN, DAVID, MARK AND LUKE FINALLY SET OUT TO PLY THEIR ANCIENT WHALING TRADE. UP WITH THE DAWN THIS DANK AND DREARY MORN, THEY WERE SETTING OUT WITH A FLEET OF FOUR SHIPS ON THEIR TRIP FOR FORTUNE TO BE STRIPPED FROM THE BELLIES OF GIANTIC MONSTERS OF THE DEEP, THEY LOVED THE FORTUNE IN OIL BUT NOW, AS IN RECENT YEARS, THEY GLARED WITH HATE AT THE BOAT WHICH WAS TO TAKE THEM AWAY FROM HOME FOR SEVERAL MONTHS - A DANK, SMELLY WHALING VESSEL, SOON TO BE FILLED WITH MOUNTAINS OF BLUBBER AND GALLONS OF WHALE OIL ...



DURING THE LONG SALEM WINTRY NIGHTS BEFORE THE SEASON OF THE BIG WHALES, THE RESTLESS FISHERMEN WOULD GATHER AND LISTEN TO STORIES OF WITCHCRAFT AND VAMPIRES ...

BUT I TELL YOU THERE ARE WITCHES IN THE DEVIL SEA TOO ... HALF DEAD MATIES AND PRETTY GIRLS DROWNED BEFORE THEIR TIME!

HA - HA ... THEY DANCE ON THE WATER, EH? I'D LIKE TO MEET SOME OF THE GALS!



I WARN YOU MY HEARTIES, IF YOU EVER FEEL THE PARALYZING SUCK OF A DEVIL FISH YOU WILL MEET THESE HUMAN CREATURES OF THE WORLD BENEATH THE SEA!

HA, HA! A GIRL IN ANY PORT, I SAY! TOMORROW WE SAIL!



SEVERAL WEEKS AT SEA HAD BROUGHT LITTLE SUCCESS, THEN TELL-TALE SPOUTS OF WATER SPRAYING HIGH IN THE AIR! A SCHOOL OF WHALES.

QUICK, DAVID RELOAD THE GUN!

BOOM! WHOOSH!



TO THE FIVE FROST BROTHERS STRIPPING OF THE WHALES CARCASS WAS A TASK OF HATE.

HOW COME YOU BOYS ARE WHALEKERS? YOU HATE SEA LIFE!

WE JUST LOVE THE MONEY IT BRINGS!

LOOK! SOMETHINGS SCARED THE WHALES! BUT LET'S KILL 'EM ANYWAY!



CLEVERLY, THE BROTHERS PUMP BARRELS OF CYANIDE OVERBOARD TO POISON THE WATERS THE WHALES WERE LEAVING...

EBAN, THAT WAS SMART OF YOU. LOOK, THE WHALES ARE GOING NUTS!

NUTS! HO, HO, HO! THAT'S RIGHT! CLEVER, MARK!

YEH, THE ONES WE CAN'T CATCH, WE'LL KILL!

THE SIGHT OF WRITHING MAMMALS GAVE INTENSE SATISFACTION TO THE FIVE BROTHERS - SUDDENLY EBAN SAW A STRANGER CREATURE IN ITS DYING AGONY...

LOOK! A DEVIL FISH, MADDENED BY THE POISON!



THAT NIGHT EBAN WAS ON WATCH, RESENTMENT FILLED HIS HALF SLEEPY MIND... SUDDENLY!

WHERE DID THAT WRECK COME FROM? SOMETHING ELSE IS IN THE WATER NEAR IT!



ON A FLASH, EBAN CAST A NET OVER THE OBJECT AND AS IT CONTINUED TO CHURN IN THE WATER HE HURLED A LANCE, EAGER TO HARM ANYTHING THAT CAME FROM THE HATED SEA...

SPLASH!



AS EBAN PULLED THE NET UPWARD, HIS EYES BULGED IN AMAZEMENT AT THE CONTENTS OF THE NET - A GIRL!

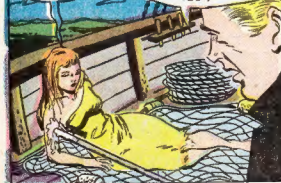
OH... OH...



A PAINFUL TUG AT HIS HEART CAUGHT EBAN UNAWARES AS HE SAW HIS LANCE PROTRUDING FROM THE FRAIL WHITE ARM OF THIS YOUNG GIRL... WAS IT PITY OR HER OVERPOWERING BEAUTY THAT STRUCK HIM SO FORCEFULLY?

OOOH...

WHERE DO YOU COME FROM? WHO ARE YOU?

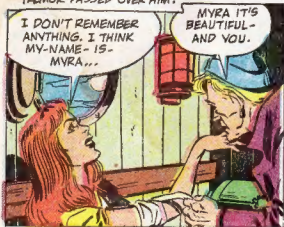


EBAN'S QUESTIONS WERE UNANSWERED AS THE GIRL FELL INTO A FAINT. HE PICKED THE LIGHT FORM UP IN HIS ARMS... HIS EYES GLUED TO THE EXQUISITE FACE...

NO ONE'S SEEN HER. I'LL HIDE HER BEFORE MY BROTHERS SEE HER!



AS EBAN BOUND UP THE WOUNDED ARM, HE WATCHED, FASCINATED BY THE LUMINOUS SEAGREEN EYES; THE DELICATE LIPS PARTED SLIGHTLY SHOWING PEARL-LIKE TEETH. A TREMOR PASSED OVER HIM.



I DON'T REMEMBER ANYTHING. I THINK MY-NAME- IS- MYRA...

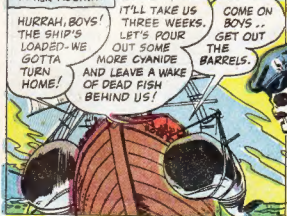
MYRA IT'S BEAUTIFUL- AND YOU.

SUDDENLY HE CLASPED MYRA TO HIM AND FELT HER ARMS TWINE AROUND HIS NECK WITH DELICIOUS, SURPRISING STRENGTH...



I'LL HIDE YOU BELOW DECKS!

THE NEXT MORNING EBAN JOINED HIS BROTHERS IN HARPOONING ANOTHER PAIR OF WHALES, HIS MOOD WAS JUBILANT AS HE THOUGHT OF THE PRIZE HE HAD CONCEALED IN HER ROOM...

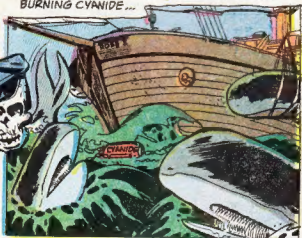


HURRAH, BOYS! THE SHIP'S LOADED-WE GOTTA TURN HOME!

IT'LL TAKE US THREE WEEKS. LET'S POUR OUT SOME MORE CYANIDE AND LEAVE A WAKE OF DEAD FISH BEHIND US!

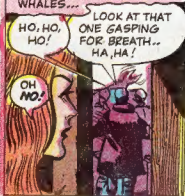
COME ON BOYS... GET OUT THE BARRELS.

IN HER BUNK MYRA STARED FROM THE PORT-HOLE AT THE WRITHING, LEAPING WHALES DYING THEIR DEATHS OF TORTURE FROM THE BURNING CYANIDE...



IT WAS BROTHER DAVID!

AND THE SOUND OF SHOUTS OF LAUGHTER DREW HER TO THE DOORWAY FROM WHERE SHE COULD SEE EBAN AND HIS BROTHERS ENJOYING THEIR SPORT WITH THE WHALES...



HO, HO, HO!

LOOK AT THAT ONE GASPING FOR BREATH.. HA, HA!

OH NO!

RETURNING TO THE ARMS OF MYRA, AFTER THE HILARITY WITH THE WHALES EBAN BEGAN TO FEEL THAT THE EXPEDITION WAS WORTH WHILE FOR THE FIRST TIME...



I WISH YOU COULD HAVE JOINED US IN THE SPORT, MYRA.. LOTS OF FUN. QUICK, HIDE! SOMEONE'S KNOCKING!

EBAN- SOMETHING TERRIBLE! MARK'S DEAD!! HE'S BEEN STRANGLED! LIKE A DEVIL FISH GOT HIM!

WHAT? HOW? WHERE IS HE?



NEXT MORNING AT MESS, THE REMAINING FROST BROTHERS EXCEPT DAVID AND THE CREW WERE STRANGELY SOBER. MARK'S DEATH WAS A COMPLETE MYSTERY WITHOUT A TRACE OF CLUES...



WHO'D WANT TO KILL MARK? HE NEVER HURT NOBODY!

WHOEVER DID, WILL FEEL OUR REVENGE.. SAY, WHERE'S DAVID?

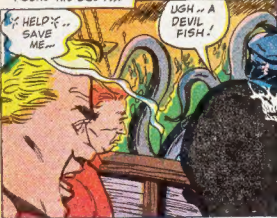
A SUDDEN SCREAM TORE THROUGH THE AIR - AND ANOTHER.. HIGH PITCHED, BLOOD CURDLING! BENCHES SCRAPED THE FLOOR AS MEN PUSHED THEM OVER IN PELL-MELL HASTE TO RUSH ON DECK...



WHO'S THAT? THOSE SCREAMS!

THEY'RE COMING FROM THE DECK!

AT THE HATCHWAY THE MEN REMAINED PARALYZED AT THE SIGHT OF THE SCREAMING DAVID BEING PULLED OVERBOARD BY AN EVIL LOOKING OCTOPUS. THE POWERFUL TENTACLES WOUND ROUND HIS BODY...



HELP!.. SAVE ME..

UGH.. A DEVIL FISH!

TOO LATE THEY HURLED LANCES AFTER THE SINISTER DEVIL FISH. THE MONSTER QUICKLY DISAPPEARED UNDER THE SHIP.. AND DAVID'S BODY REMAINED CLUTCHED IN THOSE SNAKE-LIKE ARMS...



OH.. DAVID'S GONE!

WE GOTTA GET THAT DEVIL FISH.. BEFORE HE GETS ANOTHER ONE OF US!

SHAKEN AS HE WAS BY THE HORRIBLE DEATHS OF MARK AND DAVID, EBAN'S THOUGHTS QUICKLY TURNED TO MYRA. STEALTHILY HE MADE HIS WAY THROUGH THE SHADOWS WITH A TRAY OF FOOD...



BUT EVEN THE EXCITING MYRA COULD NOT ERASE THE HORROR OF HIS BROTHERS' DEATHS...



HOW-DO-YOU PLAN TO TRAP THIS DEVIL FISH, EBAN?

I HAVEN'T WORKED IT OUT YET!

THAT EVENING.. YOU, HANK WILL BE ON FIRST WATCH. GUS WILL RELIEVE YOU. LUKE AND BEN, STAY IN YOUR BUNKS, UNDERSTAND? I WILL LOCK OURSELVES IN. YOU'D BETTER DO THE SAME, EBAN!



THE NIGHT WATCH FUNCTIONED SMOOTHLY...



OKAY, HANK. I'LL TAKE OVER!

'BOUT TIME, GUS. I WAS GETTING DROWSY. NOT A SIGN OF THE DEVIL FISH!

IT WAS PART OF EBAN'S PLAN TO KEEP HIS OWN WATCH. ARMED WITH A KNIFE, HE STEALTHILY TIPTOEED TO WHERE THE GUARD WAS STATIONED...



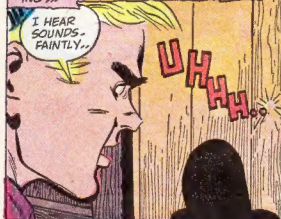
IF THE DEVIL-FISH ATTACKS GUS, I'LL BE READY!

BUT EBAN WAS PETRIFIED BY THE UNEXPECTED SIGHT. LUFF HAD FALLEN ASLEEP ON WATCH AND THERE WAS THE DEVIL-FISH, IGNORING HIM! SLITHERING AWAY FROM AN EASY VICTIM...



WHY? I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

A THOUGHT GLIMMERED IN EBAN'S NUMBED BRAIN! WAS THE DEVIL FISH ONLY AFTER THE FROST BROTHERS? HE HURRIED TO THE CABIN OF LUKE AND BEN AND STOOD LISTENING...



I HEAR SOUNDS FAINTLY...

UHHH...

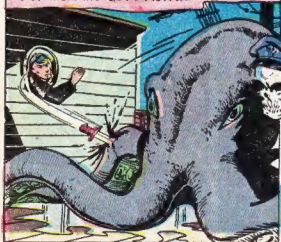
NO ANSWER TO HIS KNOCKS, EBAN BURST IN. THERE WAS LUKE STRETCHED ON THE FLOOR, PARALYZED... AND BEN ALMOST MAD WITH TERROR...



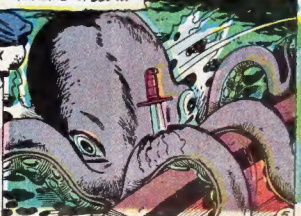
THE DEVIL-FISH'S ARMS WENT THROUGH PORTHOLE ~ IT'S SUCKERS POISONED-LUKE ~ HE'S PARALYZED!

HE'S DYING...

A DASH TO THE PORTHOLE AND EBAN HURLED HIS DAGGER AT THE SWIFTLY DISAPPEARING DEVIL FISH...



THE KNIFE REACHED ITS TARGET AND THE TENTACLE JERKED AS THE SHARP POINT PIERCED THE TOUGH HIDE ~ BUT THE SEA MONSTER ESCAPED INTO THE WATER WITH AMAZING SPEED...



THE LAST VESTIGE OF BRAVADO DISAPPEARED FROM EBAN AND HE TURNED A TERRIFIED FACE TOWARD HIS COWERING BROTHER BEN...

BUT THE LOVELY MYRA'S IMAGE CONTINUED TO FLOAT ON THE FRINGE OF EBAN'S TERROR STRICKEN MIND!



A SMALL ISLAND CAME INTO VIEW, EBAN LAUGHED OUT LOUD IN SHEER PLEASURE...

MYRA, YOU MUST GIVE ME CREDIT, MY BROTHERS COULDN'T DO IT - BUT I OUTWITTED THE OL' DEVIL FISH, HA, HA!

YOU'RE VERY CLEVER, EBAN...

AS THEY WENT ASHORE...

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR HAND, MYRA?

JUST A KNIFE WOUND. IT'LL HEAL!

HOW DID THAT HAPPEN? WHERE DID YOU GET A KNIFE?

.. JUST AN ACCIDENT..

DESPITE ALL THE HORROR OF HIS BROTHERS' DEATHS AND HIS HASTY ESCAPE, EBAN FOUND MYRA'S ALLURE MORE THAN HE COULD RESIST.

FROM NOW ON MYRA, WE'LL SPEND OUR LIVES TOGETHER... FOREVER! H. D ME CLOSE...

YES, EBAN.

EBAN HELD MYRA CLOSE AND FELT HIMSELF ENVELOPED IN HER SOFT EMBRACE - THEN, IT SMOTHERED HIM!!

I-CAN-HARDLY BREATHE - MYRA... YOU - YOU...

THAT WOUND ON YOUR ARM IS WHERE I HIT THE DEVIL FISH!

A STRANGE, ASTONISHING CHANGE WAS TAKING PLACE. MYRA'S ARMS AND LEGS WERE TURNING INTO THICK, SUCKING TENTACLES WITH AMAZING, BONE-CRUSHING STRENGTH! A BURNING SENSATION COURSED THRU EBAN'S WHOLE BODY...

..MYRA - LET ME GO - GASP! YOU'RE THE DEVIL FISH! AHH!

YES, YOU SEE SOME OF US WERE GIRLS DROWNED BEFORE OUR TIME!

RAPIDLY, MYRA - THE DEVIL FISH... SUTHERED INTO THE ROARING WAVES, BEARING THE LAST OF THE BROTHERS. SHE TOOK WICKED EBAN INTO THE SEA HE AND HIS BROTHERS DETESTED...

AHHH!

THE END

DANGER SMOKING CAUSES CANCER!

(Reported by N. Y. State Board Of Health After Impartial Investigation . . .)



DON'T WAIT UNTIL YOU DEVELOP A SMOKING DISEASE.

It's too late to do anything about it after your doctor tells you that your heart or your lungs are damaged. Smoking injuries are insidious. The smoker usually doesn't realize what he has done to himself until the results are so serious that he may be beyond repair.

THERE'S DANGER IN FILTERED CIGARETTES TOO!

Don't feel safe from the evils of tobacco because you have switched to filter-tips. This false confidence can be tragic. *Consumer Reports*, the independent magazine that gives impartial analyses of products to its subscribers reports that most filter-tip cigarettes tested actually had about 20% more nicotine in their smoke than regular brands. **THIS MEANS THEY ARE 20% MORE HARMFUL TO YOU THAN AN ORDINARY CIGARETTE!**

CANCER INCREASES IN PROPORTION TO NUMBER OF TOBACCO USERS!

"It is our conviction that the unprecedented increase in the incidence of cancer of the lung is due to the cancer-producing factor in cigarette smoking," says the head of surgery at Tulane University's School of Medicine. A Harvard University scientist asserts that the susceptibility of even light smokers, (10 or less a day) is 11 times that of non-smokers!

THE STATISTICS ARE ALARMING!

They Warn: "Smoking Can Cause Cancer"

You owe it to yourself . . . you owe it to your family, to those who love and depend on you to **STOP SMOKING.**

"No matter how much you smoke, regardless how hard you've tried to stop in the past and failed . . . Weider Anti-Tobacco Lozenges WILL BREAK THE HABIT FOR YOU!"

**USE THIS COUPON TO ORDER TODAY
IT MAY SAVE YOUR LIFE!**

BREAK THE SUICIDAL SMOKING HABIT NOW!

**TAKES ONLY 10 DAYS
With AMAZING Weider
Anti-Tobacco LOZENGES**



- SMOKING** }
 - Shortens life
 - Creates bad breath, coats the tongue
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 - Ruins endurance and "wind"
 - Affects eyesight
 - Lessens the appetite
 - Slows the mind
 - Coats the tongue
 - Decreases sexual potency

(which often results in dietary deficiency, underweight, weakness, and anemia)
Now—when evidence that cigarettes can cause cancer is mounting daily—is it of greater importance than ever that you stop smoking—**IMMEDIATELY!**

HERE IS HOW WEIDER ANTI-TOBACCO LOZENGES WORK

- 1 When you want a cigarette, take a Lozenge instead. Let it dissolve in your mouth. The desire to smoke will go away.
- 2 Continue to take Lozenges after each meal . . . between meals, whenever the urge for a cigarette occurs.
- 3 The first day smoking desire is reduced 50%. Within 10 days, the habit is completely eliminated.

PLEASANT TASTING — MEDICALLY APPROVED

You'll like Weider Anti-Tobacco Lozenges. They taste good. They're harmless, are such a boon to good health, physicians recommend them to their patients.

SELF-IMPROVEMENT PLAN,

521 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

Dept. No. SMC-8,

I understand not for less than one month's smoking costs I can

break the habit with Weider Anti-Tobacco Lozenges. Please rush me

☐ 100 WEIDER ANTI-TOBACCO LOZENGES @ \$3.99

☐ THRIFT BOTTLE OF 300 WEIDER ANTI-TOBACCO LOZENGES @ \$10.00

I enclose check or money order.

Name

Address

City Zone State

Consistent Order from 4406 Colonial Ave., Montreal, Que., Canada.

LADIES' 20 DRESSES FOR \$3.50

BIG DRESS SALE

ASSORTED in Silk, Wool,
Cotton & Rayon

ALL SIZES in Good Condition
BUT NO LESS THAN 20 DRESSES
AT THIS BARGAIN PRICE

Ladies' BLOUSES

39c each
5 for \$1.69

Assorted colors and styles in Silks, Crepes, Rayons, Acetates

QUILT PIECES

3 lbs. \$1.49

Large bundle of beautiful new cotton prints, checks, stripes and solids. All good size cuttings

Ladies' Winter COATS

\$1.89 each
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All sizes with or without fur collars. These are in excellent condition; slight repairs needed

RUMMAGE 20 Pieces

for \$2.19

Used items for every member of the family consisting of Rayon Underwear, Children's Wear and other articles

FREE!

With \$5.00 Order or More 1 Pair of Ladies MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED \$1.00 Deposit MUST come with order. You pay postman balance plus COD and postage charges. NO ORDER ACCEPTED FOR LESS THAN \$1.00 A TRIAL ORDER WILL CONVINCE YOU OF OUR WONDERFUL BARGAINS

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99c pair
3 for \$2.69

Good quality Leathers and Fabrics WILL GIVE MANY MONTHS OF GOOD WEAR

Ladies' SKIRTS

69c each
3 for \$1.79

Full assortment of colors and styles. All Wool, plaids and Mixtures

Ladies' SLIPS

49c each
5 for \$2.29

Beautiful well tailored slips that really give you value for your money

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\$1.29 each
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Real Buttons in line wool materials. Need slight repair for best selection order at once

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Many styles and patterns in short and long sleeves. Various colors

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Please send me the following items, \$1.00 deposit enclosed

ITEM	SIZE	PRICE

☐ Give Hose size - if Order is \$5.00 or more.

Name

Address

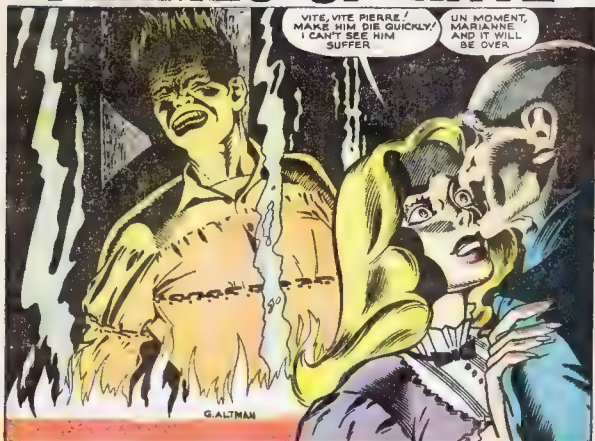
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No Order accepted without \$1.00 deposit.
Canada & Foreign - Full Payment with Order.

ORDER NOW
FOR BEST SELECTION

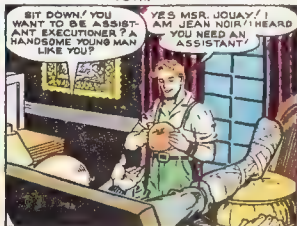
OLD PIERRE JOUAY WATCHED WITH GLEAMING EYES AS THE FLAMES LICKED AT THE STILL LIVING CORPSE / A SMILE OF SATISFACTION PLAYED ON HIS THIN LIPS AS HE LISTENED TO THE SHRILL STAC-CATO SCREAMS AND SMELLED THE PUTRID ODOR OF THE BURNING VICTIM / NOT HATE, NOT ENMITY... BUT PRIDE IN A JOB WELL DONE STIRRED HIS VITALS / FOR WAS HE NOT CHIEF EXECUTIONER OF THE PROVINCE OF LEANDRE? THOSE HE BURNED AT THE STAKE WERE CONDEMNED CRIMINALS... AND HE WAS GREATLY SKILLED AT BRINGING QUICK DEATH / NO LINGERING TORTURE BY FIRE / HIS BEAUTIFUL WIFE, MARIANNE NEVER SEEMED TO UNDERSTAND THAT BURNING INSIDE HIM WERE...

FLAMES OF HATE



JAGGED PAIN LIKE SLASHING KNIVES PIERCED THROUGH PIERRE'S LEG RIDDLED WITH GOUT / A WHOLE WEEK HE HAD HOBBOLED TO THE STAKE TO PERFORM HIS EXECUTIONS / BUT HIS AGONY WAS GREATER THAN THOSE HE BURNED FOR / THEY DIED QUICKLY AND HE ENDURED AGONY ENDLESSLY...

THE OLD, SHRIVELED MAN WITH THE AGONIZING LEG WATCHED AS A HANDSOME YOUNG MAN ENTERED, STANDING UNCERTAINLY IN THE DOORWAY / STRANGE THAT THE SIGHT OF THIS YOUTH SHOULD FILL PIERRE WITH A SENSE OF HIS OWN LOST YOUTH!



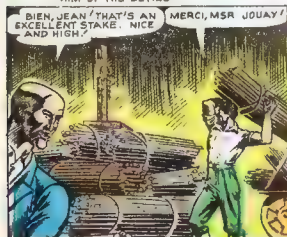
ONLY TWO OLD, USELESS MEN HAD ANSWERED THE NOTICE HE HAD POSTED IN THE VILLAGE, YET PIERRE WAS LETTING JEAN NOIR GO, HE WOULD BE A CONSTANT REMINDER OF THE PASSING YEARS AND OF THE FEW LEFT TO HIM...



I NEED A JOB!
I CAN LEARN
QUICKLY!

'FRAID YOU WON'T DO...
OWWWW! OH! WAIT
I'LL TRY-YOU OUT!

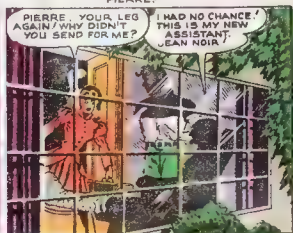
THE WEEKS PASSED AND THE DEVILISH GOUT STILL KEPT PIERRE CRIPPLED, BUT THE OLD MAN HAD BEGUN TO GLOAT OVER HIS NEW AIDE! JEAN HAD LEARNED QUICKLY AND HAD RELIEVED HIM OF HIS DUTIES!



BIEN, JEAN! THAT'S AN
EXCELLENT STAKE. NICE
AND HIGH!

MERCI, MSR JOUAY!

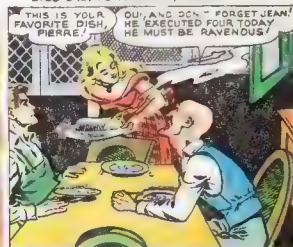
THE DOOR FLUNG OPEN AND PIERRE'S BEAUTIFUL WIFE STOOD THERE, UNEXPECTEDLY RETURNED FROM A VISIT TO LYONS, AUTOMATICALLY HIS EYES FLEW TO HER FACE... THEN JEAN'S, BUT AS ALWAYS SHE WAS ONLY CONCERNED WITH HIM... OLD PIERRE!



PIERRE, YOUR LEG
AGAIN! WHY DIDN'T
YOU SEND FOR ME?

I HAD NO CHANCE!
THIS IS MY NEW
ASSISTANT,
JEAN NOIR!

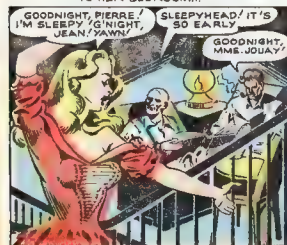
AS FOR ANY FEARS CONCERNING HIS HANDSOME ASSISTANT AND HIS LOVELY WIFE, HE COULD WELL LAUGH FOR MARIANNE HAD THOUGHTS AND EYES ONLY FOR HIMSELF, PIERRE!



THIS IS YOUR
FAVORITE DISH,
PIERRE!

OUI, AND DON'T FORGET JEAN!
HE EXECUTED FOUR TODAY
HE MUST BE RAVENOUS!

LIKE A SLEEPY CHILD, EVERY EVENING MARIANNE WOULD LEAVE JEAN AND PIERRE TO THEIR PAPERS AND WITHDRAW, DROWSILY TO HER BEDROOM...



GOODNIGHT, PIERRE!
I'M SLEEPY! G'NIGHT,
JEAN! YAWN!

SLEEPYHEAD! IT'S
SO EARLY

GOODNIGHT,
MME. JOUAY!

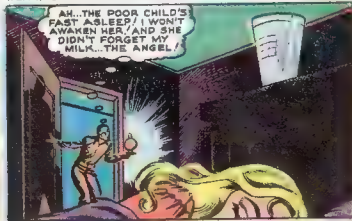
AND EVERY EVENING THE EXECUTIONER WOULD WATCH FROM THE WINDOW AS HIS ASSISTANT MADE HIS WAY TO THE BARN WHERE HE SLEPT! A DROWSY FEELING OF CONTENTMENT STOLE OVER PIERRE AS HE ENJOYED THE LUXURY OF A LOVELY WIFE IN LOVE ONLY WITH HIM AND A COMPETANT ASSISTANT COMPLETELY DEVOTED AND LOYAL...



EVEN THE GOUTY LEG SEEMED TO BE HEALING AND PIERRE WENT TO JOIN HIS YOUNG WIFE...



FINDING MARIANNE ASLEEP, THE OLD MAN WAS GLAD HIS WEARY OLD BONES LONGED ARDENTLY FOR REST AND SLEEP!



BUT THE SMILE OF CONTENTMENT SUDDENLY FROZE AND A COLD CHILL COURSED THROUGH THE OLD FRAME AS HIS SUSPICIOUS MIND RESPONDED QUICKLY TO THE SIGHT OF A SMALL VIAL PEERING FROM MARIANNE'S PILLOW



SLEEPING POTION! THE BONY FINGERS CLUTCHED IN A SPASM OF RAGE AS THE FULL SIGNIFICANCE DAWNED ON PIERRE'S STILL AGILE MIND



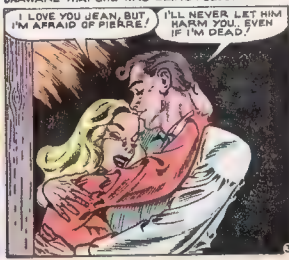
THE OLD MAN LAY IN BED WAITING SECRETLY HE HAD SPILLED OUT THE MILK CONTAINING THE DRUG AND HAD CREEPT INTO BED, YAWNING NOISILY SO THAT MARIANNE WOULD HEAR! HIS EARS WERE COCKED, LISTENING, AND THEN...



STEALTHILY, HE PEERED OVER THE BANNISTER, WATCHING HIS WIFE JUST AS STEALTHILY MAKE HER WAY DOWN THE STAIRS...



THE EAGER YOUNG GIRL HURRIED TO THE BARN, UNAWARE THAT SHE WAS BEING FOLLOWED...



THE FACE AT THE WINDOW WATCHED THE TWO LOVERS... HEARD THEM DISCUSSING HIM ..



IS PIERRE ASLEEP?
DARLING?

FAST ASLEEP, MY LOVE... I PUT THE PILL IN HIS MILK!

AS THE TWO YOUNG LOVERS DRAWN BY YOUTH AND BEAUTY BLEND IN A KISS, THE AGED HUSBAND FUMES AND RAGES SILENTLY...



PIERRE FUMED AS HE LAY IN BED WAITING FOR MARIANNE'S RETURN / CHILL DAWN LIGHT SIFTED THROUGH THE WINDOW WHEN HER HUSHED FOOTSTEPS MOUNTED THE STAIRS. AND WITH LIGHTNING SPEED SHE SLID INTO HER BED. THE HUSBAND GRINNED EVILLY...



SUPERB ACTING THOUGHT PIERRE, AS HE SAT AT BREAKFAST OBSERVING MARIANNE'S INDIFFERENCE WHEN JEAN WALKED IN, AND JEAN'S UNCONCERN



G'MORNING, MSR JOUAY... AND MADAME! I'M FAMISHED!

YOU HAVE QUITE AN APPETITE, MY BOY!

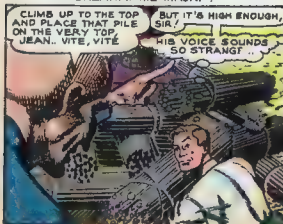
HELP YOURSELF, JEAN BREAKFAST'S ON THE TABLE!

WE HAVE AN EARLY EXECUTION THIS MORNING, JEAN. LET'S GO, MY FOOT FEELS BETTER TODAY!



EVERYTHING'S READY, SIR!

JEAN WHISTLED HAPPILY AS HE PUT THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO THE PREPARATIONS, BUT A STARTLING ORDER FROM PIERRE CAUGHT HIS BREATH IN HIS THROAT.

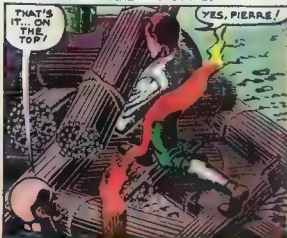


CLIMB UP TO THE TOP AND PLACE THAT PILE ON THE VERY TOP, JEAN.. VITE, VITE

BUT IT'S HIGH ENOUGH, SIR!

HIS VOICE SOUNDS SO STRANGE!

AS JEAN STRUGGLED TO THE TOP PIERRE SECRETLY SET FIRE TO THE PILE!



THAT'S IT... ON THE TOP!

YES, PIERRE!

AT THE TOP, THE TERROR STRICKEN YOUTH LOOKED DOWN AND SAW THE MASTER HAD FIRED THE STAKE AND WAS NOW PINNING HIM AGAINST IT



NO! STOP!
LET ME DOWN!
EEFYAAA!

HAAAA!
NOW YOU
CAN
SUFFER
WHILE YOU
BURN!

THE TERRIBLE SCREAMS, THE ROARING OF THE FIRE BROUGHT A FRIGHTENED MARIANNE TO THE CHARRED SPOT/TO ALLAY SUSPICION THE OLD HUSBAND STARTED TO BEAT OUT THE FIRE/ THAT WAS HIS ONE MISTAKE!

PIERRE, I HEARD A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT JEAN ACCIDENTALLY SET OFF THE FIRE... AND TOPPLED IN!

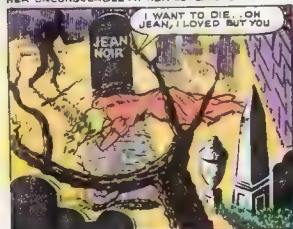


THE HORRIFIED MARIANNE FELL INTO A SWOON AND HER OLD HUSBAND FOUND STRENGTH TO CARRY HER INTO THE HOUSE! BEHIND LAY THE PARTLY BURNED REMAINS OF THE YOUNG JEAN!



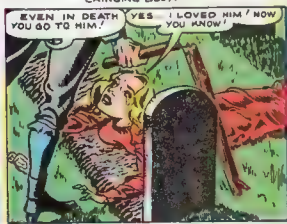
NOW YOU WILL BE ONLY MINE AGAIN!

AFTER JEAN WAS BURIED, MARIANNE OFTEN VISITED HIS GRAVE / ONE DAY PIERRE FOUND HER UNCONSOLEABLE AT HER LOVER'S GRAVE!



I WANT TO DIE... ON JEAN, I LOVED BUT YOU

THE LONG HEAVY BRANCH HUMMED AND SHAPED AS THE INFURIATED PIERRE WHIPPED IT THROUGH THE AIR AND TOUCHED THE GIRL'S CRINGING BODY.



EVEN IN DEATH YOU GO TO HIM!

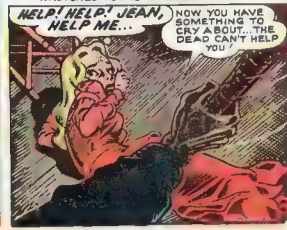
YES... I LOVED HIM! NOW YOU KNOW!



COME BACK TO THE HOUSE FORGET HIM AND I'LL FORGIVE YOU!

NO, NO, I WANT TO STAY HERE WITH JEAN

ALL THE JEALOUSY, THE WOUNDED VANITY OF THE OUTRAGED HUSBAND VENTED ITSELF ON THE WRETCHED YOUNG WIFE SUDDENLY.



HELP! HELP! JEAN, HELP ME...

NOW YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO CRY ABOUT... THE DEAD CAN'T HELP YOU!

THERE WAS A STIRRING OF THE EARTH ON THE GRAVE WHERE JEAN LAY. A RUMBLING AND A MOVEMENT AS SOIL BEGAN TO FLY AND CHARR'D LIMBS APPEARED ABOVE THE SURFACE.



THE PARALYSIS OF FEAR FIRED ITSELF ON THE OLD MAN AND UNABLE TO TALK OR MOVE HE WATCHED, WATCHED AS

"I KEPT MY PROMISE I CAME BACK FOR YOU!"



NOW LICK YOUR WOUNDS, IF YOU CAN, DEAR WIFE UGH! WHAT'S THAT 'J-JEAN? IT CAN'T BE



THE BODY OF JEAN BENT STIFFLY, YET TENDERLY TO LIFT THE UNCONSCIOUS FORM OF MARIANNE!



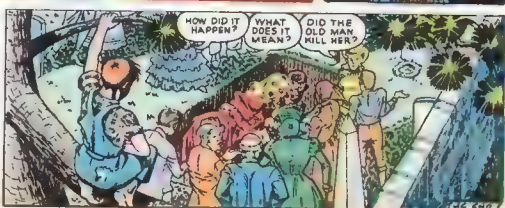
IN UNBELIEVING HORROR, PIERRE STIFFLY, SLOWLY, BACKED AWAY FROM THE ONCOMING CORPSE! HIS JAWS REMAINED RIGIDLY OPEN IN A PAROXYSM OF FRIGHT!



IN THE SILENT ROOM A PARALYZED MAN SAT WATCHING A CORPSE CARRY AWAY THE LIMP FORM OF A GIRL. AND HE WATCHED THEM DISAPPEAR IN THE DIRECTION OF THE GRAVE THEN SLOWLY HE DIED



THE NEXT MORNING THE TOWNSFOLK RUSHED TO THE GRAVE OF JEAN TO SEE THE AMAZING SIGHT THAT WAS REPORTED. THE GRAVE WIDE OPEN AND THE BODY OF JEAN HOLDING IN HIS ARMS THE NOW DEAD WIFE OF PIERRE THE BEAUTIFUL MARIANNE.



HOW DID IT HAPPEN?

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

DID THE OLD MAN KILL HER?

SHOT BY A CORPSE

By ELLEN LYNN

I AM a racketeer's moll. And I am glad of it. When King Farrell picked me up in his long, cream-colored convertible I recognized him at once. His picture is always in the papers in connection with the most spectacular capers, but he always establishes an alibi. I was pretty desperate the day I was walking through the park alone and broke and heartick when King drove up in his snappy car and offered me a lift. His hard handsome face showed that concealed smile that grinned out of all his pictures. I got in beside him and looked into his eyes.

"Where you goin', beautiful?" he asked.

"I was going for a walk," I answered, "but I was getting tired. You can drop me off at the end of the park."

"How about a drink—or how does the upper-crust say it—shall we drop in for cocktails?" He laughed out loud at his own humor.

Well, that's how it all began—and now I'm on the inside of the workings of a powerful gang whose leader, King Farrell, is my man. In a year's time I was known as "the Queen,"—because most of the biggest jobs we pulled were my babies. I conceived big capers that had even our boys gasping.

One day King came to my apartment, where he had set me up in royal style, and he was unusually silent. "What are you staring at me for?" I asked him. "I was thinkin'," he answered, "that you're not only beautiful, you're smart. Fact is, you're almost as much boss of this gang as I am. The boys listen to you—and obey your orders. But . . . you're goin' too far lately. Too many chances. Now this kidnapping, for instance—you've got a wonderful scheme worked out and we stand to get a pile of jack—but ya know for a perfect job we'll have to murder the kid—and ya know how the public feels about kids. Well, it's dynamite and I'm for dropping the whole idea..."

"We'll do nothing of the kind," I flared up. "We've pulled riskier jobs than this one and are still sitting pretty. The way I've got the thing figured we'll get rid of the kid after we collect the ransom and they'll still never be able to tag us. We've done it before—and we can do it again."

"You're really marvelous, Queen," he said. "I should knock you down and keep you there—just my moll. A dame shouldn't be giving orders. But I got ya under my skin an' I'm willing to listen to your ideas."

"If I weren't crazy about you, I'd throw you out."

"Then pull off the snatch, honey—just as I out-

lined it. The Grahams are so nuts about their kid, and have such a heap of dough—they'll pay up in a jiffy. We'll never get caught, you can depend on me," I pressed my advantage.

"Okay—okay," King said. "But for such a gorgeous dame you certainly have tough guts. Even in our business da woin usually likes kids—but not you! No mother-love in ya, is dere?"

King left. And just in time, too. I suddenly felt my knees give way and had to sit down. "No mother-love," he said.

Then I thought of Dickie. He was three when they took him from me. My little boy—my soul. All my childhood had been poor, unhappy, wretched. My father was always jobless and drunk. My mother worked for us kids—hard, too. She finally died of TB. When Jack Richter came along and gave me love and kindness (I was fifteen), I turned to him gratefully and came to love him. He told me he'd marry me as soon as he transferred his business affairs to New York and could settle there permanently. Meanwhile he took me to live in a bright, clean apartment. It was a new and happy life for me—the first brightness I had ever known. When I knew a baby was coming I was frightened, at first, but one sight of my little son and all my fears were gone. I felt there was nothing I wouldn't do to bring up my little boy in a clean, happy life.

But my little shiny world collapsed around my head. Jack was married. He never told me. His wife smeared the scandal over all the papers. The stories about me were disgusting, horrible. In the end they took Dickie away from me. I wanted to die. But when my little, three-year-old son, Dickie, died six months later I wanted to live. To live for revenge. I wanted to make others suffer as the world made me suffer.

Suddenly I jumped up from the chair where I was moping over the past. "Such stupidity," I said out loud. "All that's in the past—it was all finished five years ago! No more of this sob-stuff."

I felt strong again and felt sure the boys were pulling off the kidnap job as I had planned. It couldn't go wrong.

Footsteps hurried along the hall, stopping at my door. King and two of the boys came in. Joey was carrying the limp form of a little boy—Bruce Graham.

"How did it go?" I asked eagerly. "Any hitches?"

Joey dropped little Bruce on the sofa. King stared at me. Then he said, "You planned it like a general, Queen. It was a cinch."

"I see the kid's still out. Did ya give him the amount of the drug I said?" I asked

"He'll be all right," King replied. "There, he's startin' to come to."

"Get him out of here," I ordered. "Let Joey take him to his place."

"No—you gotta keep him here," King informed me. "A dame can keep a kid happy. Ya won't have to tie him up—or gag him if you kid him along. It'll be less trouble that way."

"I've got no time for kids—let someone else do it," I argued.

"Only a smart dame can handle a kid. Better let him stay here till we get the ransom dough."

When the boys left me alone with little Bruce I felt angry—but the child began to whimper and I realized I'd better start inventing a story to keep him quiet. It wasn't hard to comfort him. He was an affectionate kid and he clung to me and quieted down.

We had given the Grahams forty-eight hours to raise the ransom price of one hundred grand. They agreed, if the kidnappers would give them tangible evidence that little Bruce was really in their hands. I had the boys send the Grahams the undershirt Bruce was wearing under his pajamas. While we waited I went out to shop for some clothes for the child. There was a moment of weakness when I looked at the small sweaters and suits, the little brown shoes and socks, in the store. I remembered how I loved buying those things for my own Dickie. But Dickie was now being avenged, and another little boy would have to give his life to pay for the life people took from me.

I also brought Bruce some toys to keep him occupied. He was a sweet kid, I have to admit. He played for hours and seemed to be satisfied with me around in place of his mommy.

But the waiting period was getting King nervous. He'd come around a dozen times during the day. Finally he burst out, "We gotta get rid of the kid right away. We can't wait for the dough. We're gettin' too hot with the kid around. Get him ready."

"You're nuts," I sneered. "We may need him alive before we get the money—and the dough's practically in our hands. Just a few more hours!"

We had a hot argument. King was scared and wanted to be rid of Bruce. He accused me of going soft on the kid. "You'll have a long wait before you find me going soft," I retorted. "All I want is to be sure we get all that money. The kid and his mother don't bother me at all."

An hour later King had to admit I was right after all. The Grahams informed us the money was ready and they'd follow instructions, if we could assure them little Bruce was alive. I thought of making a record of Bruce's sounds at play. It came out very clear—Bruce's happy little voice talking to the stuffed dog I bought him, and calling me a few times: "Queenie—Bruce wants cookie." And, "When mommy coming home to Bruce?" The record was sent cleverly to the Grahams.

"That'll do it!" I said elatedly. "One sound of their Bruce's voice and the money will be in our hands the next hour."

"I guess you're right, Queen. You're a smart dame. Now get the kid ready—we gotta do the dirty work right away." King started to put on his coat.

"What's the rush?" I asked. "Let's see this thing through. Let's at least wait for the dough."

"This time you're nuts," King replied. "That Bruce is a smart kid. Well all sizzle if he ever gets back alive to his family. Now hurry, Queen. I want him."

It was then I knew I wouldn't let little Bruce die. No, no, no! That wouldn't bring back my own baby—my Dickie. The mother's suffering wouldn't ease my heart's pain. I couldn't let them murder that sweet, sweet, child. I loved him.

"You can't kill him," I announced firmly to King. "We'll surely fry if we have his murder on our hands. He can go back home and none of us'll be involved—he doesn't know any of our names. Only mine—and 'Queen' doesn't mean anything."

King's eyes narrowed. He saw my determination. I saw his fingers clasp the gun in his pocket. He grabbed Bruce and handed him to Joey who was just outside my door. I heard him snap out orders to take the kid to his apartment till he got there. In a flash I scribbled a message on a sheet of paper and stuck it into my pocket. I took my gun out of my drawer. When King came inside again I leveled it straight at him. "Get that boy back here. I don't want him killed. I'd sooner kill you," I spoke to King between clenched teeth. But King was a fast man with the gun. With lightning quickness he knocked the gun from my hand and pulled the trigger of his own silencer. I blacked out in the midst of excruciating pain in my chest.

When I opened my eyes I knew I was dying. I could see I was sitting in King's car, which he was driving. He stopped and I felt him placing my gun in my fingers. He was trying to make my death look like suicide. When he returned to the wheel I groped in my pocket; my scribbled note was still there, confessing all to the police and telling them where to find Bruce. I felt happy—and I knew the end was upon me.

● ● ●

I am Detective Bob Hoyt—the one who broke the notorious kidnapping case, and found little Bruce Graham. I was the one who found the two bodies of the girl leader of the mob; they called her "Queen", and the man at the wheel, King. The dame seemed to have gone soft on the boy and had a confession in her pocket. That's how we returned the child to his parents. But, funny thing, the gun in her fingers went off after she died—rigor mortis caused a jerk of the trigger—and the dead woman shot the driver, King, in the back. He died instantly.

THE LIVING-DEAD

THE CRISP, SMOOTH, SNOW CRACKLED UNDER IVOR BLAU'S SKIS AS THEY SKIMMED OVER THE SURFACE--WEAVING EXPERTLY, DANGEROUSLY, IN AND OUT OF THE TALL, THICK TREES! NIGHT WAS FALLING RAPIDLY, LIKE A DARK CURTAIN AND A SUDDEN CHILL PENETRATED TO THE BONES AS THIS MAN REALIZED HE WAS LOST IN THE BLACK FOREST! READ ON, FELLOW STUDENTS OF HORROR--HEH HEH, HEH...

IT CAN'T BE...
NO! NO!!



THE THRILL OF SWIFT FLIGHT HAD PROPELLED IVOR FASTER AND FARTHER AND FARTHER FROM THE REST OF HIS PARTY. NOW, THE PALL OF NIGHT, BROKEN ONLY BY PINPOINTS OF LIGHT FROM THE BLACK VELVET SKY, FOUND HIM LOST AMIDST EERIE GIANT TREES.



WHAT LUCK -
A HOUSE!



John D'Agostino

BUT IVOR'S RELIEF AT FINDING A HAVEN VANISHED ABRUPTLY AS IT DAWNED ON HIM THAT THERE WAS SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT THIS HOUSE SET IN THE THICK OF A FOREST! THE OPEN DOOR, THE STRONG INDEFINABLE ODOR... STRANGE BUT NOT UNPLEASANT.

I'D RATHER TAKE MY CHANCES IN THE FOREST...

HE HAD NOT GOTTEN FAR WHEN A SOFT, MELLOW VOICE STOPPED HIM IN HIS TRACKS! STARTLED BY THE UNEXPECTED APPEARANCE OF A GIRL IN THE DOORWAY AND STRUCK BY HER UNUSUAL BEAUTY! FEAR AT THE MOMENT DEPARTED...



DON'T LEAVE... ARE YOU LOST?

...YES! I THOUGHT NO ONE LIVED HERE...

UP WINDING STAIRS THEY WENT AND IVOR FELT AN INTENSE WEARINESS ASSAIL HIS LIMBS, WELCOMING IN HIS HEART THE PROSPECT OF A BED TO LIE ON...

YOU LOOK TIRED! I'LL SHOW YOU TO A ROOM... WE CAN TALK IN THE MORNING...

YOU'RE SO KIND... AND SO BEAUTIFUL!

THE FLICKERING CANDLE CAST MISSHAPEN SHADOWS ACROSS THE MUSTY BEDROOM AND THE MASSIVE FOUR-POSTER BED LOOMED UP LIKE A HUGE UGLY SARCOPHAGUS...

WE ONLY HAVE CANDLELIGHT OUT HERE IN THE WOODS... I'LL BRING YOU A TRAY...

THANK YOU.

IVOR STOLE OUT OF HIS ROOM TO WATCH THE GIRL DESCEND THE WINDING STAIRWAY! HOSPITABLE AS SHE WAS, AN UNEASINESS SEEPED THROUGH HIS BEING.

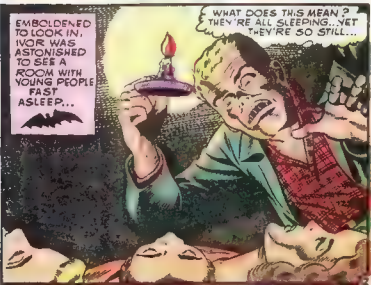
WONDER IF ANYONE ELSE LIVES HERE?

WITH THE GIRL DOWNSTAIRS, IVOR STEALTHILY OPENED THE DOOR NEXT TO HIS ROOM AND AGAIN MET WITH THE STRANGE SWEET ODOR...

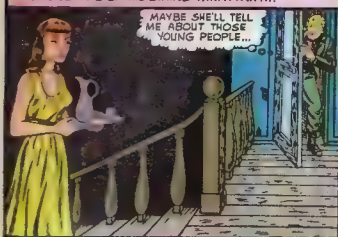
WHAT A STRANGE SWEETNESS, JUST LIKE THAT GIRL...

EMBOLDENED TO LOOK IN, IVOR WAS ASTONISHED TO SEE A ROOM WITH YOUNG PEOPLE FAST ASLEEP...

WHAT DOES THIS MEAN? THEY'RE ALL SLEEPING... YET THEY'RE SO STILL...



A NAMELESS FEAR STIRRED THROUGH IVOR'S BLOOD AS HE LEFT THE MYSTERIOUS ROOM JUST IN TIME TO SEE THE GIRL COMING UP THE STAIRS WITH A TRAY...



MAYBE SHE'LL TELL ME ABOUT THOSE YOUNG PEOPLE...

AFTER A SURPRISINGLY DELICIOUS REPAST, IVOR FELT MORE RELAXED AS HE PLACED A KISS OF APPRECIATION ON THE GIRL'S HAND! HE WAS AWARE OF ITS UNUSUAL SOFT COOLNESS AND A DESIRE TO HOLD HER CLOSER...



IMPULSIVELY, IVOR CAUGHT THE SLENDER FORM IN HIS ARMS! HER NEARNESS INTOXICATED HIM...



PLEASE--LET ME KISS YOU, YOUR BEAUTY IS MADDENING...

YES-- YOU MAY...

WHAT A WONDERFUL END TO HIS ADVENTURE! OUT OF THE FRIGHTENING DISCOVERY THAT HE WAS LOST IN THE THICK WOODS, AND THE STRANGE EXPERIENCE OF FINDING THIS LONELY HOUSE WITH ITS SLEEPING OCCUPANTS, IVOR HAD FOUND THE EXCITINGLY BEAUTIFUL GIRL--AND LOVE...



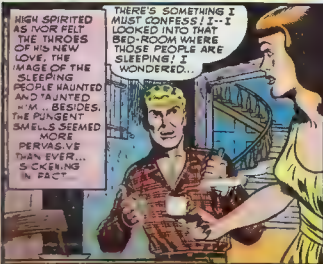
THE NEXT MORNING IVOR HURRIED DOWN EAGER TO SEE HIS NEW LOVE--AND EXPECTING TO FIND THE SLEEPING OCCUPANTS OF THE NEXT ROOM UP AND ABOUT AFTER THEIR LONG SLEEP...



OH, GOOD MORNING. SLEEP WELL?

DARLING, I DREAMED OF YOU!

HIGH SPIRITED AS IVOR FELT THE THROES OF HIS NEW LOVE, THE IMAGE OF THE SLEEPING PEOPLE HAUNTED AND TAUNTED HIM... BESIDES, THE PUNGENT SMELLS SEEMED MORE PERVERSE THAN EVER... SICKENING IN FACT...



THERE'S SOMETHING I MUST CONFESS! I--I LOOKED INTO THAT BED-ROOM WHERE THOSE PEOPLE ARE SLEEPING! I WONDERED...

THEY ARE MY GUESTS! THEY ARE VERY WEARY AND ARE STILL SLEEPING!

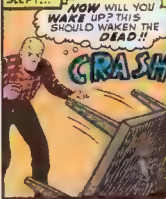


IVOR WANDERED FROM ROOM TO ROOM WHILE THE GIRL WAS BUSY! SHE HAD ANSWERED HIM CURTLY-- SHUT OFF ALL DISCUSSION OF HER STRANGE GUESTS BUT IVOR OBEYED A SUDDEN IMPULSE...

THIS NOISE SHOULD AWAKEN THEM...



THE BANGING ON THE PIANO KEYBOARD HAD NO EFFECT ON THE SLEEPERS AND IVOR, IN AN EXCESS OF HIDDEN ANXIETY PUSHED ON A HEAVY TABLE TILL IT TURNED OVER IN A CRASH BUT STILL THEY SLEPT...



LIKE A NIGHTMARE, WILD FANTASIES GREW WILDER AS IVOR BECAME OBSESSED WITH THE DESIRE TO STIR THE SLEEPERS...

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THEM?



BUT THIS TIME IVOR TOUCHED THEM AND THEY WERE ASLEEP NO LONGER



USE... TH--THEY'RE BECOMING SKELETONS YET THEY MOVE...THEY'RE GETTING UP...



IN A DAZE, IVOR FOUND HIMSELF BACK IN HIS ROOM! THIS STRANGE, LOVELY GIRL WAS TALKING TO HIM IN HER SOFT, SWEET VOICE.



IT IS TIME FOR ME TO EXPLAIN-- BUT FIRST TELL ME YOUR NAME... MINE IS VANIA

MINE IS IVOR BLAU SON OF DR. KLAUS BLAU, THE NAZI SCIENTIST WHO DISAPPEARED!

IMMEDIATELY VANIA'S SOFTNESS CHANGED TO HORROR...

OH, NO! NOT YOU! NOW YOU MUST HEAR THE STORY-- YOUR FATHER IS INVOLVED--AND YOU TOO!



DURING WORLD WAR II IN YOUR FATHER'S LABORATORY, AN EXPERIMENT WAS TAKING PLACE--HE WAS SO DEDICATED TO THE NAZI CAUSE, DR. BLAU WAS WILLING TO USE YOU, HIS OWN SON, TO PROVE HIS THEORY...



YES, YOUR IDEA COULD HELP US WIN THE WAR... BUT YOUR FORMULA IS POISONOUS

SEE, I WILL INJECT MY OWN SON, IVOR, TO PROVE YOU ARE WRONG, HERR GENERAL.





ALL RIGHT, YOU MAY HAVE SIX PRISONERS FROM THE CONCENTRATION CAMP!

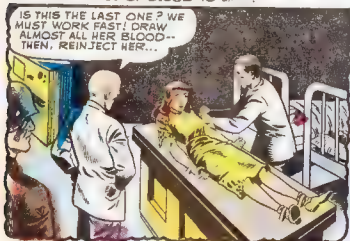
THOSE YOUNG PEOPLE IN THE NEXT ROOM WERE BROUGHT HERE FOR THE CRUEL EXPERIMENT UNDER-TAKEN SECRETLY BY YOUR FATHER, DOCTOR BLAU...



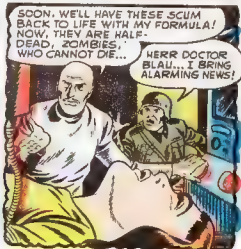
SCHWEIN! MOVE FASTER...FASTER!

YES, YOUR FATHER WAS SURE HE COULD DRAW BLOOD FROM LIVING PEOPLE INJECTED WITH HIS FORMULA AND RESTORE WOUNDED GERMAN SOLDIERS DYING FROM LOSS OF BLOOD TO LIFE.

THERE WAS ONE LEFT--A GIRL, DR. BLAU HAD ALREADY DRAWN HALF HER BLOOD WHEN AN EXCITED MESSENGER ARRIVED.



IS THIS THE LAST ONE? WE MUST WORK FAST! DRAW ALMOST ALL HER BLOOD-- THEN, REINJECT HER...



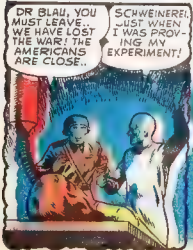
SOON, WE'LL HAVE THESE SCUM BACK TO LIFE WITH MY FORMULA! NOW, THEY ARE HALF-DEAD, ZOMBIES, WHO CANNOT DIE...

HERR DOCTOR BLAU... I BRING ALARMING NEWS!

THE ALARMING NEWS WAS THAT AMERICAN SOLDIERS WERE RAPIDLY ADVANCING... THE NAZIS HAD FALLEN...

AND SO, YOUR FATHER, THE GREAT SCIENTIST MADE HIS ESCAPE, LEAVING HIS GUINEA PIGS ON THEIR BEDS-- NOT ALIVE, YET NOT QUITE DEAD, AWAITING THE INJECTED BLOOD DR. BLAU PROMISED.

THESE YOUNG PEOPLE HOVERING BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH, NEED ONLY A SMALL SUPPLY OF BLOOD INJECTED WITH YOUR FATHER'S FORMULA! AS FOR THE GIRL... SHE COULD WALK, AND TALK AND ONLY WAIT...



DR. BLAU, YOU MUST LEAVE... WE HAVE LOST THE WAR! THE AMERICANS ARE CLOSE...

SCHWEINER! JUST WHEN I WAS PROVING MY EXPERIMENT!



DON'T GO, YOU MUST RESTORE US...



AT THE BEGINNING OF VANIA'S STORY, NOR FELT PRIDE IN THE COURAGE AND BRILLIANCE OF HIS FATHER, FAMOUS NAZI SCIENTIST, EXPERIMENTING TO AID THE SUPER RACE, BUT A SUBTLE CHANGE IN VANIA'S VOICE--AND NOW, IN HER APPEARANCE--FROZE HIS BLOOD.

AND HIS WORST SURMISE BECAME TRUE AS HE HEARD HER VOICE CACKLE AND SQUEAK...

YES, HEH, HEH, YOU'VE GUESSED IT-- **IT WAS I, VANIA!** NOW I CAN GROW OLD AND HOPE FOR RELEASE!

IVOR MADE HIS WAY TO THE DOOR! ESCAPE WAS ALL HE DESIRED--FROM THIS PLACE OF DECAYING CREATURES AND A VENGEFUL MONSTER WHOSE FORM WAS CHANGING BEFORE HIS EYES...

COME, PAY YOUR FATHER'S DEBT! GIVE US YOUR INJECTED BLOOD TO REPLACE WHAT HE TOOK!

NO! NO!



WHO... WHO WAS THAT LAST GIRL?



THE SOUND OF CLANKING BONE LIKE WEIRD CASTANETS PURSUED HIS MAD RUSH DOWN THE STAIRS! HIS LIMBS SEEMED TO FREEZE INTO IMMOBILITY...

COME BACK! GIVE US YOUR BLOOD! YOU WERE INJECTED WITH YOUR FATHER'S FORMULA!

MY LEGS... HARD TO MOVE THEM!



BONEY ARMS ENVELOPED THE TERROR-STRIKEN EX-NAZI YOUTH...

I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH MY FATHER'S EXPERIMENT--SPARE ME... **AAGHNNNN!**



AGAIN THE SOUND OF VANIA'S LAUGHTER ECHOED THROUGH THE HALL! HE FELT STRANGELY EMPTY AND EXHAUSTED AS HE SAW VANIA'S UGLY FORM COMING TOWARDS HIM...

AAEEEE... NO!!

HEEEHEE! THEY HAVE THEIR REVENGE--AND NOW THEY'RE GONE UP TO FIND THE PEACE OF DEATH...



AND VANIA... NOW A REAL ZOMBIE, HAD HER WAY OF IVOR AND SHE WATCHED HIM SINK TO THE FLOOR AS HIS SCREAMS GREW FAINT AND SHE KNEW HE BREATHED HIS LAST AGONIZING BREATH...



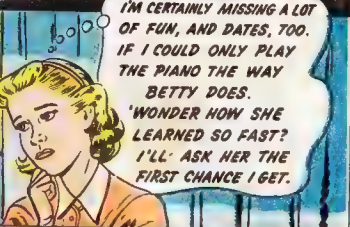
HEH! HEH! HEH!



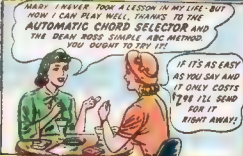
THE END

PLAY PIANO THE FIRST DAY.. OR DON'T PAY!

Here's Your Chance to
BE POPULAR!



I'M CERTAINLY MISSING A LOT OF FUN, AND DATES, TOO. IF I COULD ONLY PLAY THE PIANO THE WAY BETTY DOES. 'WONDER HOW SHE LEARNED SO FAST? I'LL ASK HER THE FIRST CHANCE I GET.



MARY: I NEVER TOOK A LESSON IN MY LIFE - BUT NOW I CAN PLAY WELL, THANKS TO THE AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR AND THE DEAN ROSS SIMPLE ABC METHOD. YOU OUGHT TO TRY IT!

IF IT'S AS EASY AS YOU SAY AND IT ONLY COSTS \$2.98 I'LL SEND FOR IT RIGHT AWAY!



GLAD I TOOK BETTY'S ADVICE. NOW I GET INVITED EVERYWHERE NO MORE WALLFLOWER SUIT FOR ME!

"I learned to play a song in 10 minutes."

-A.C.C., Washington

"Even if one never played a note it is easy."

-C.G.H., New Hampshire

"Now I can play sheet music beautifully."

-E.S., New York

Hundreds of thankful, enthusiastic letters like these are in our files.

New, Patented AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR Guides Your Fingers

YOU, too, can play piano with BOTH hands, in no time at all! Thousands have learned to play this fast, easy way. With the amazing, new invention, the AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR there's really nothing to it. Before now you're playing songs everyone enjoys... from Hit Parade numbers and hymns to beautiful old ballads.

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**NO TEDIOUS SCALES!
NO BORING EXERCISES!
YOU PLAY INSTANTLY!**



PATENT No. 2,473,222

Complete Course only \$2.98—including the
PATENTED AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR
No Extras—SEND NO MONEY!

You have 10 full days to prove to yourself the value of the Dean Ross Piano method. When the complete course with its 30 clearly illustrated lessons (worth \$150 at the studio) and 50 favorite songs, together with the patented AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR is delivered, pay postman just \$2.98 plus postage. Try the course for 10 days with the understanding that you must learn to play with both hands or your full purchase price will be refunded at once. The patented AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR is yours to keep in any event. You have nothing to lose... and popularity and fun to gain, so mail coupon today!

DEAN ROSS PIANO STUDIOS INC.,

45 West 45th Street

New York 36, N. Y.

THE GIRLS ARE WILD ABOUT THE WAY I PLAY PIANO—CAN'T THANK DEAN ROSS ENOUGH



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43 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

Send the PATENTED AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR with the complete Dean Ross Piano Course consisting of 30 illustrated lessons and 50 popular songs. On delivery, will pay postman only \$2.98 plus postage. If not completely thrilled, I may return the Course in 10 days for immediate refund of purchase price. The PATENTED AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR is mine to keep.

Name _____ (Please Print)

Address _____

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STYLE -400

Snake-Zebra Design-Printed Plastic can be used on either side. Gives snappy distinctive dress up appearance. Front or Rear Seat only

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FOR LONG WEAR

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5 day Money Back Guarantee!

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Please send me seat covers I have marked. I can try for 10 days and return for refund of purchase price if I am not satisfied.

- ☐ Zebra Snake Design, Reversible
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☐ Split Seat \$2.98 ☐ Solid Seat \$2.98
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UGLY BLACKHEADS OUT in Seconds with VACUTEX

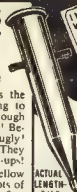
BLACKHEADS "PET HATE"

Say Men, Girls In Choosing Date

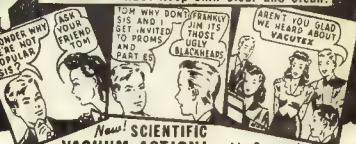
What a "black mark" is the blackhead... according to men and girls popular enough to be choosy about dates! Because blackheads ARE ugly! Blackheads ARE grimy! They DON'T look good in close-ups! So can you blame the fellow who says, "Sure. I meet lots of girls who look cute at first glance. But if, on that second glance, I see dingy blackheads, it's good night!"

Or can you blame the girl who confesses, "I hate to go out with that fellow who has blackheads." But you—are YOUR ears burning?

Extract every blackhead with a SAFE extractor. Don't use finger nails. Don't squeeze. That may mean infection, injured tissues, a marred skin.



ACTUAL LENGTH—3 1/2"



New! SCIENTIFIC VACUUM ACTION!

VACUTEX is painless safe fast! In seconds you are rid of these ugly blackheads that make your skin look grimy and dingy. Give others such a wrong impression VACUTEX creates gentle vacuum pressure around the blackhead and extracts it—quickly! without injury to tender skin tissues. No painful squeezing! No dangerous

No Squeezing
No Infection
No Injury
to Skin
Tissues



Just place VACUTEX over blackhead, release extractor and blackhead is out!

10 DAY TRIAL GUARANTEE

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My dollar will be refunded if I am not delighted.

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HERE IT IS, *LOVERS OF THE SUPERNATURAL*, A FINAL TALE OF *FANTASY* TO LULL YOU INTO *PLEASANT DREAMS*! WHY NOT CURL UP WITH YOUR FAVORITE *GHOST*, RELAX IN YOUR *COFFINS* AND SPEND THE LAST MINUTES BEFORE *MIDNIGHT* ENJOYING THE *STRANGE SAGA* WE CALL

Mountain Madness



BEN REED AND ALAN WORTH HAD KNOWN EACH OTHER FROM BOYHOOD. THEY HAD ATTENDED THE SAME HIGH SCHOOL, THE SAME COLLEGE, AND UPON GRADUATION THEY HAD TAKEN JOBS IN THE SAME LAW FIRM . . .

YOU SURE DID A SWELL JOB ON THAT FRANKLIN CASE, BOY! I UNDERSTAND THE OLD MAN IS THINKING ABOUT MAKING YOU A JUNIOR PARTNER!

SURE, WHY NOT? BEN REED, *BOY GENIUS*, THAT'S ME!



YES, BEN WAS SMARTER THAN ALAN. BUT ALAN HAD MORE CHARM EVERY GIRL IN THE OFFICE WAS CRAZY ABOUT HIM.

MR WORTH, SOME OF MY FRIENDS ARE HAVING A PARTY TONIGHT AND I WONDERED IF

NOW WAIT A MINUTE, SALLY, I WAS HERE FIRST AND

HEY, *CASA-NOVA*, YOU GOT A MINUTE TO TALK TO A PAL?



BUT IF ALAN'S POPULARITY WITH WOMEN BOTHERED OR IRRITATED BEN, HE DIDN'T SHOW IT. HIS ONLY LOVE SEEMED TO BE HIS CAREER, AND HIS ONLY ENTERTAINMENT, MOUNTAIN CLIMBING.

YOU'RE GETTING TO BE A **FANATIC** ABOUT CLIMBING, BOY! ALL YOU DO IS **WORK** AND **CLIMB!**



THEY'RE BOTH THE SAME, ALAN! I WANT TO GET TO THE TOP!

BEN WAS AN AMBITIOUS MAN, IT SHOWED IN EVERYTHING HE DID. HE WAS RUTHLESS, COLD-BLOODED, AND AS HE SCALED THE TOWERING PEAKS HIS FACE WAS SET IN GRIM DETERMINATION.

HEY, BEN! THIS BABY IS **TOO TOUGH!** LET'S TURN BACK!

NOTHING DOING, PAL! WHEN I MAKE UP MY MIND TO DO SOMETHING, I DO IT!



THE TWO FRIENDS WENT CLIMBING ALMOST EVERY WEEK-END. UNTIL THEY MET LAURIE YOUNG, THE ATTRACTIVE DAUGHTER OF THE LAW FIRM'S SENIOR PARTNER . . .

BEN'S GREEDY BRAIN DIDN'T WASTE ANY TIME IN LAYING OUT A PLAN WITH THE BOSS'S DAUGHTER AS HIS WIFE. HE KNEW HE COULD GO FAR . . .

LAURIE, I DON'T BELIEVE YOU'VE MET MR. YOUNG AND MR. REED GENTLEMEN, MY DAUGHTER

WHY, DAD, YOU DIDN'T TELL ME YOU HAD SUCH **HANDSOME** MEN WORKING FOR YOU!

WITH THE BOSS'S PERMISSION, I'LL TAKE YOU TO LUNCH, DOLL-FACE!

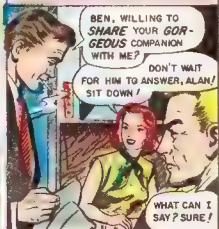
YOU HAVE MY PERMISSION, WHAT **MORE** DO YOU NEED? 'BYE, 'BYE, DAD!



BEN WASN'T HAPPY WHEN ALAN APPEARED TOWARD THE END OF LUNCH . . .

BEN, WILLING TO **SHARE** YOUR **GORGEOUS** COMPANION WITH ME?

DON'T WAIT FOR HIM TO ANSWER, ALAN! SIT DOWN!



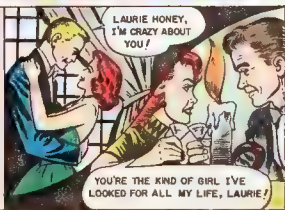
WHAT CAN I SAY? SURE!

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THEIR TWELVE YEARS OF FRIENDSHIP THE TWO MEN FOUND THEMSELVES IN THE POSITION OF BEING OPEN RIVALS . . .

IN THE WEEK THAT FOLLOWED BOTH BEN AND ALAN DATED LAURIE YOUNG

LAURIE HONEY, I'M CRAZY ABOUT YOU!

YOU'RE THE KIND OF GIRL I'VE LOOKED FOR ALL MY LIFE, LAURIE!



LOOKS LIKE WE'RE **IN LOVE** WITH THE **SAME** GIRL, EH, BEN?

YES, IT DOES, DOESN'T IT, ALAN?



WELL, MAY THE BEST MAN WIN BUT NO MATTER *WHAT* HAPPENS, BEN, YOU'LL *ALWAYS* BE THE *BEST* FRIEND I EVER HAD!

SURE, PAL, SURE!

BUT TO MEN LIKE BEN, FRIENDSHIP MEANT VERY LITTLE...NOR DID LOVE! HE WASN'T IN LOVE WITH LAURIE, SHE WAS MERELY A WAY OF INSURING HIS JUNIOR PARTNERSHIP IN THE FIRM...

LAURIE, PLEASE DARLING, SAY YOU'LL *MARRY* ME!

I—I'M SORRY, BEN, I CAN'T I'M VERY *FOND* OF YOU. AND IF I HADN'T MET ALAN, THINGS MIGHT HAVE BEEN DIFFERENT! I LOVE *HIM*!

BEN WAS THE NEWLY-WED'S FIRST GUEST WHEN THEY RETURNED FROM THEIR HONEYMOON...

ALAN AND LAURIE WERE MARRIED A MONTH LATER BEN SERVED AS THE GROOM'S BEST MAN AND AS HE WATCHED THE CEREMONY HIS HEART WAS FILLED WITH *RAGE* AND FRUSTRATION

AND DO YOU, LAURIE YOUNG...

IF THIS MARRIAGE *INTERFERES* WITH MY CAREER, I'LL *KILL* HIM!

WE HAD A *TERRIFIC* TIME, PAL! YOU OUGHT TO GET TO *BERMUDA* SOMEDAY YOURSELF!

MAYBE I WILL, ALAN.

BEN, I'M AWFULLY GLAD YOU CAME OVER TONIGHT!

DRINK A *TOAST* TO ALAN, BEN...THE NEW JUNIOR PARTNER OF

ISN'T THAT *WONDERFUL*, BEN! IT JUST HAPPENED TODAY!

YOUNG AND CO.!

WHILE ALAN WAS IN THE KITCHEN MIXING A DRINK, LAURIE TOOK BEN'S HAND AND SMILED UP HAPPILY AT HIM...

YOUR *FRIENDSHIP* MEANS *SO* MUCH TO ALAN...AND TO ME, BEN! I WAS *AFRAID* YOU MIGHT BE *ANGRY* WITH ME! WE WANT YOU AS OUR FRIEND *FOREVER*!

YOU'RE VERY KIND, LAURIE!

BUT WHEN A MAN IS INTERESTED IN POWER AND MONEY, THE OFFER OF "KINDNESS" IS LITTLE BALM TO HIS SELFISH NATURE. BEN'S LOWEST POINT CAME A WEEK LATER WHEN ALAN AND LAURIE INVITED HIM TO A SPECIAL "CELEBRATION" DINNER

CHAMPAGNE? WHAT'S THE BIG NEWS, ALAN?

Y-YES, IT'S *SWELL*, ALAN! *SWELL*!

BEN REED WAS A BITTER MAN THAT NIGHT. HE CONTROLLED HIS GROWING FURY UNTIL HE GOT HOME... BUT THEN IT EXPLODED!

THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN MY JOB! THAT IDIOT ISN'T HALF THE LAWYER I AM! HE MARRIED THE BOSS'S DAUGHTER AN' GOT EVERYTHING THAT BELONGS TO ME!



IT WAS A MONTH LATER WHEN ALAN SUGGESTED THAT HE AND BEN GO TO THE MOUNTAINS FOR A WEEK-END OF CLIMBING...

HOW ABOUT IT, PAL? LAURIE'S GOING TO VISIT HER SISTER THAT WEEK-END AND WE COULD HAVE FUN, JUST LIKE OLD TIMES!



SURE, ALAN, SOUNDS GREAT!

BEN STARED AFTER ALAN AS THE JUNIOR PARTNER STROLLED BACK INTO HIS PRIVATE OFFICE...

I WON'T LET HIM GET AWAY WITH IT... I SHOULD BE IN THAT OFFICE! THERE MUST BE A WAY TO GET RID OF HIM! THERE MUST BE!



AND OF COURSE, THERE WAS A WAY: A VERY SIMPLE WAY! IT HAPPENED ON THE WEEK-END THE TWO MEN WENT CLIMBING

THIS IS MARVELOUS, BEN! THIS FRESH AIR FEELS GREAT!



YEAH, SWELL.

ENJOY IT, PAL, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BE AROUND LONG!

THEY CLIMBED UP AND UP... UNTIL FOUR HOURS LATER THEY REACHED THE TOP...

WHEW! I MUST BE GETTING OLD! I'M DEAD TIRED!

DON'T WORRY, ALAN BOY, YOU'RE GOING TO GET A REST. A LONG REST!



ALAN DIDN'T UNDERSTAND THE HIDDEN MEANING IN BEN'S WORDS AND HE DIDN'T SUSPECT ANYTHING UNTIL HE NOTICED THAT HIS FRIEND HAD SLIPPED OUT OF HIS LIFE-ROPE

WHY'D YOU TAKE THE ROPE OFF, BEN? WE'RE NOT GOING TO BE UP HERE THAT LONG

I'M NOT GOING TO BE, ALAN... BUT YOU ARE!



POOR UNSUSPECTING ALAN DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO DO MORE THAN UTTER ONE BEWILDERED PROTEST...

B-BEN, WHAT ARE YOU DOING? ARE YOU CRAZY...

YOU'RE THE ONE WHO WAS CRAZY, PAL! CRAZY TO THINK YOU COULD RUIN MY LIFE! YOU'RE GOING TO DIE, ALAN! NOW!



A LONG HOLLOW AGONIZED SCREAM FILLED THE EMPTY AIR AS ALAN'S BODY CAREENED WILDLY THROUGH SPACE...

THE BODY HIT A ROCKY LEDGE WITH A SICKENING THUD AND THE SCREAMS WERE SILENCED. THE FORM WHICH ONLY SECONDS BEFORE HAD BEEN A LIVING HUMAN BEING, LAY IN A CRUMPLED HEAP.



BEN EXAMINED THE BODY ON HIS WAY BACK DOWN THE MOUNTAIN-SIDE AND AFTER ASSURING HIMSELF THAT ALAN WAS UNDOUBT-ABLY DEAD, HE HURRIED INTO TOWN.

LAURIE STARED UP AT BEN WITH DISBELIEF AND HORROR. SHE COULDN'T DIGEST THE IMPORT OF HIS WORDS. AND THEN, MINUTES LATER, SHE THREW HERSELF INTO HIS ARMS, SOBBING WILDLY...

BEN REED WAS A HAPPY MAN AS HE WALKED HOME THAT NIGHT

SHE'LL GET OVER HIM *FAST*. WITHIN SIX MONTHS SHE'LL BE READY TO *MARRY* ME...AND THEN COMES THE *PARTNER-SHIP* WITH MY FUTURE *FATHER-IN-LAW!*

..AND I TRIED TO GRAB HIM, BUT IT WAS TOO LATE! H-HE'S DEAD, LAURIE!

D-DEAD? M-MY ALAN'S DEAD?

OH, BEN, (SOB) NO/NO!

I'M SORRY, LAURIE. I WISH IT HAD BEEN ME INSTEAD OF HIM!



THERE WAS LITTLE INVESTIGATION OF ALAN'S DEATH. THE AUTHORITIES BELIEVED BEN'S "ACCIDENT" STORY AND THE MATTER WAS QUICKLY DROPPED...

THINGS WENT JUST AS BEN PLANNED. AND EIGHT MONTHS LATER HIS TWO DREAMS BECAME A REALITY...

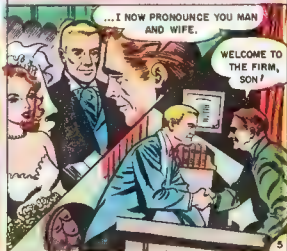
SORRY WE COULDN'T RECOVER THE BODY, MRS. WORTH, BUT THERE WAS A *SNOW STORM* LAST NIGHT AND IT WOULD BE TOO *TREACHEROUS* TO SEND MY MEN UP THERE!

I (SOB) UNDERSTAND, OFFICER



...I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU MAN AND WIFE.

WELCOME TO THE FIRM, SON!



AND AT LAST, WITH MURDER AS THE PRICE, BEN HAD EVERYTHING HE WANTED. IT WAS SPRING AND AS THE WINTER SNOW THAWED, SO DID BEN'S HEART...

HONEY, I'M WILD ABOUT YOU! LET'S GET AWAY FOR AWHILE! TAKE A FEW DAYS OFF FOR SOME FUN!

WONDERFUL, DARLING.

YES, BEN HAD FALLEN IN LOVE WITH LAURIE AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE HE KNEW THE MEANING OF HAPPINESS. THEY WENT TO A NEARBY MOUNTAIN RESORT FOR THEIR VACATION... THE SAME RESORT WHERE THE MURDER TOOK PLACE...

OH, BEN, IT'S BEAUTIFUL, BUT PLEASE, DARLING, PROMISE ME YOU WON'T GO CLIMBING!

DON'T WORRY, HONEY, I HAVE NO DESIRE TO CLIMB!

NO, BEN HAD NO DESIRE TO REVISIT THE SCENE OF HIS CRIME. IN FACT AFTER TWO DAYS, HE FOUND HIMSELF GROWING INCREASINGLY NERVOUS AND IRRITABLE... HE WISHED THEY'D NEVER COME TO THE RESORT...

I'LL SEE YOU LATER, HONEY, I'M GOING FOR A WALK! I NEED SOME AIR!

HE WALKED FOR HOURS AND AS THOUGH DRAWN BY AN IRRESISTABLE FORCE, HE FOUND HIMSELF AT THE FOOT OF THE MOUNTAIN... AND GOING UP IT.

THIS IS CRAZY... BUT I'VE GOT TO GO UP! GOT TO SEE IF HIS BODY IS STILL ON THAT LEDGE!

THE BODY WAS THERE... WAITING FOR HIM, ANTICIPATING HIS ARRIVAL...

A-ALAN! NO, YOU'RE NOT ALIVE! YOU'RE NOT!

YOU'RE RIGHT, BEN! I'M NOT ALIVE! I'M DEAD. JUST LIKE YOU'RE GOING TO BE!

BEN DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE. THE SKELETON'S KICK SENT HIM FLYING BACKWARD INTO ENDLESS SPACE.

YAAAAAA!

SWEET DREAMS, PAL!

THEY FOUND HIS BODY AT THE FOOT OF THE MOUNTAIN... AND LYING NEXT TO IT WAS A RING

B-BEN! (SOB) OH, BEN, WHY DID YOU GO UP THERE?

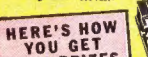
MRS. REED, WE FOUND THIS RING NEXT TO YOUR HUSBAND! IT'S ENGRAVED "TO ALAN FROM BEN, PALS FOREVER." DOES IT MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?

LAURIE LOOKED AT HIM BLANKLY... AND THEN SHE PEERED UP AT THE MOUNTAIN, HER EYES HAUNTED AND QUESTIONING... QUESTIONING...

THE END



RADIO

ROY ROGERS
FLASH CAMERAROY ROGERS
BINOCULARSGARRY HAYER
FISHING KITRADIUM DIAL
POCKET WATCHGIRLS' SHOULDER
STRAP BAGSPORTS
EQUIPMENTROLLER
SKATESWALKING
DOLLJET ENGINE
PLANE FLIES
500 FEET!

TYPEWRITER



WHITE ZIPPER

HUNTING
KNIFE
AND AX

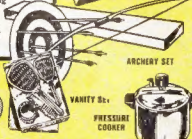
TABLE TENNIS SET



CHEMISTRY SET

DUKE ELLER
WITH ARTHUR
GODFREY PLAYER

RED RYDER CARBINE

PRESSURE
COOKER

ARCHERY SET

VANITY SET

WOODBURNING
SET

SEWING MACHINE

RADIO RECEIVING
SET FOR SCOUTS

SEWING MACHINE

MEN-WOMEN-BOYS-GIRLS

PRIZES GIVEN MAKE MONEY TOO!

We will send you the wonderful prizes pictured on this page . . . or dozens of others, such as jewelry, radium dial wrist watches, tableware, tools, U-Make-It kits, leather kits, sewing kits, electric clocks, pressure cookers, scout equipment, model airplanes, movie machines, record players, and many others . . . all WITHOUT ONE PENNY OF COST. You don't risk or invest a cent—we send you everything you need ON TRUST. Here's how easy it is: Merely show your friends and neighbors inspiring, beautiful Religious Wall Motto plaques. Many buy six or even more to hang in every room. An amazing value, only 35¢ . . . sell on sight. You can secure big, cash commissions or many exciting prizes for selling just one set of 24 Mottos. Write today for Big Prize catalog sent to you FREE!

SEND NO MONEY—We Trust You!

HERE'S HOW YOU GET YOUR PRIZES

Rush your name and address on coupon and we will ship AT ONCE PREPAID your first set of 24 richly decorated Motto ON TRUST. When you have sold the 24 Mottos, send the \$8.40 you have collected and you can secure your choice of many wonderful prizes. If you prefer to EARN MONEY, send \$6.00 and keep \$2.40. Hurry, send TODAY for 24 Mottos ON TRUST and big PRIZE CATALOG FREE!

FREE!

MEMBERSHIP in the FUNman's Fun Club

EXTRA! Sell mottos and send payment within 15 days, and we'll give you FREE a year's Membership in the FUNman's Fun Club. Membership card, certificate, secret code, giant packet of fun materials all yours—PLUS many extra surprises!

The FUNman, Dept. M-135, 4545 N. Clark St., Chicago 40, Ill. **FREE BIG PRIZE CATALOG**

Please rush to me on credit 24 Religious Wall Mottos, to sell at 35¢ each. Also include Big Prize Catalog #1035. I will remit amount required as explained under description of prize in BIG PRIZE CATALOG within 30 days and select the prize I want or keep a cash commission as explained.

NAME _____ AGE _____

STREET or RFD _____

TOWN _____ Zone _____ STATE _____

SEND NO MONEY . . . We Trust You!

I WILL GIVE \$1,000

says Joe Weider, "Muscle Builder—Trainer of Champions"

I'm willing to bet \$1,000 that no one can prove that any "Mr. America" or perfect man title winner has been trained by any other method!

If I can't add muscular weight to your skinny body, put inch after inch of mighty muscles on your arms, deepen and thicken your chest, give you "Life Guard" shoulders, make your legs two pillars of strength—if you can't do all this in 1/3 the time that anyone else can, IT WON'T COST YOU ONE RED CENT!

You must become a NEW MAN, filled with power, speed, muscular impressiveness and man-sized muscles—a REAL ALL-AMERICAN HE-MAN, or your money back!

THAT'S MY PROMISE TO YOU

I dare to make you this promise because I have trained more champions than all other teachers put together! My students have won such titles as "Mr. America," "Mr. Universe," "Mr. New York City," "Mr. California," "Mr. Florida," and many, many others. All title winners use my methods.

I WANT TO MAKE YOU A HE-MAN

I don't care if you've failed to build muscles in the past. It makes no difference to me if you're the type that doesn't grow muscles easily. As a matter of fact, if bigger fellows are pushing you around now, if girls are passing you up for more attractive he-men, if you suffer from an inferiority complex, YOU'RE THE MAN I WANT. My courses never fail! They won't fail you!

IN ONLY 90 DAYS

After three months, 15 minutes a day, three times weekly, right in the privacy of your own room, I can add inches of muscles to your body, broaden your shoulders by two inches, your chest by 3 inches, your arms by 1 inch, reduce your waist, give you more pep and energy, and change your ungainly body to a mass of muscle that will really wow them all... or it won't cost you a penny!

Maurice LeBlanc: Wait Like You Look At Him Now!



I transformed him from this puny, anemic, pushed around, unhappy weakling to this real American robust hero. He gained 30 pounds, 6 inches on his chest, 3 inches on his arms. What I have done for him and 100,000 others I can do for you!

I WILL MAKE YOU A HE-MAN IN 15 MINUTES A DAY!

Just 15 minutes three times a week... and you can have the body of champions! This course is the secret looked at Mr. America title winners!

I will show you how to

- improve your health
- build up your arms, chest, back, legs
- develop life-guard shoulders, muscular waist, athletic appearance
- grow taller
- gain weight
- become popular
- have a handsome appearance, attractive to girls
- possess more energy and vitality

Included in this course are hundreds of pictures of world's best built men, many in color, plus tips on diet, health, and grooming. This is your key to success in the business and social world.

FREE EXTRA BONUS WORTH \$1.00

... IF YOU ACT NOW!

THESE VITAMINS BUILD POWER AND GIANT MUSCLES

Send for the free Giant He-Man Package immediately and you will also get absolutely free your choice of a \$1.00 supply of either Weider Weight Gaining Supplement that has added pounds even on those who never thought they could gain weight... or Weider Vitamin-Mineral Food Supplement that will give you a new way of living.



ABSOLUTELY FREE!

Here is your start on the road to real manhood!

GIANT HE-MAN PACKAGE WORTH \$1.70!

3 "Champ-Tested" Body-Building Books



I'll send you ALL 3 of these instructive, inspiring books FREE! They'll show you how to have vibrant health, virile manhood, muscles you can be proud of. You will learn all this in your free copy of "How to Build Your Body" (sells for \$1.00)... PLUS free copies of "Muscle Builder" and "Muscle Power" (sold on newsstands for 35c each).

JOE WEIDER, "Builder of Champions" Dept. WMC-816 Hopkin, Jersey City, N. J.

Rush me my Free Giant He-Man Package consisting of your book "HOW TO BUILD YOUR BODY," plus copies of your magazines, "MUSCLE BUILDER" and "MUSCLE POWER," for which I enclose 25c to cover postage and handling. And as my bonus gift I want

- check ☐ Weider Vitamin-Mineral Food Supplement
check ☐ Weider Weight Gaining Supplement
... ALL ABSOLUTELY FREE

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

ACT NOW! THE ONLY THING YOU HAVE TO LOSE IS YOUR WEAKNESS!

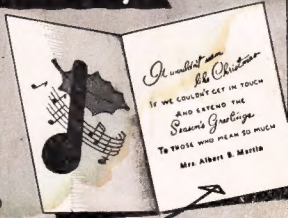
Every day that goes by is not a day less for you to enjoy the body you desire. Rush this coupon, or your free ticket to new happiness, to our address.

WANT TO MAKE \$40⁶⁰?

Take orders for

PERSONAL CHRISTMAS CARDS

printed with sender's name



28 SAMPLES FREE

SELL FOR

3¢
EACH

You can make \$40.60 cash if you take less than 30 orders on our amazing double-up plan. Sell Personal Christmas Cards printed with Sender's Name for just about 3¢ each. They're equal to 15¢ to 25¢ cards without the name im-

printed. No selling experience needed—we send you FREE albums of 28 styles—all actual cards. Also big special box assortment sent on approval. You will take orders fast from friends, neighbors, relatives, businessmen.

No charge—no money needed—just send name . . . we show you how to write up orders!

The most complete line of name-imprinted cards in America. Choice of 28 exciting new designs including Religious, Humorous, Artistic and Business. Printed, Embossed or Die Cut. All in beautiful portfolios that makes taking orders just a matter of showing these beautiful samples. Money-making is fun!

We send everything you need to make money at once. There's big money to be made right now on Box Assortments and Gift Wraps too—and we send on approval exciting new card and wrap designs you can sell right away just as easily as winking your eye.

The biggest buying season of the year is starting right now. You can make every day a pay day from now until Christmas. You can sell full time or spare time—to anyone.

And we make it so easy. You don't need one penny yet we show you exactly how to earn any sum you set your heart on—right away. Just send your name and address and we do the rest. You'll get 3 money-making portfolios, sales-winning Assortments and General's cash-packed 1954 color catalog. Just mail coupon today!

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1300 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 188-J Chicago 7, Ill.

28 SAMPLES FREE
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JUST SEND NAME TODAY

GENERAL CARD CO., Dept. 188-J
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Rush at once your selling portfolio of 28 actual cards absolutely free, plus sample assortment boxes on approval and full details so I can start making money immediately.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____



28 actual cards in handsome portfolio that sell at a glance. PLUS sample assortment boxes on approval. PLUS 1954 catalog of real money-makers including all-occasion card assortments, stationery, gift wrappings and tyings, novelties and gift items.